1916



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friend."

for a night or two.

worry about that!"

floor. They were on night duty just

then, so I hurriedly sought them, ex-

plained the situation and asked if they

thought we could manage some way

"Of course," they both said. "We'd

do a great deal to save any man's life.

but all the more since he is your

"Oh, no," I hastened to explain, "he

"Oh, well, never mind," one of them

interrupted, "don't keep the poor man

on the operating table any longer, no

matter whose friend he is or isn't. We

are not going to bed tonight at all, at

will manage somehow - but - what

"Oh, I'll find a place," I said. "Don't

The place I really found was a lit-

tle cot in my own room-that is, Cap-

tain Frazer's room-for the present

Somehow I could not bear to think of

leaving him alone. In case of a hem-

orrhage in this condition I knew it

An hour later, when I went back to

the room, the sun had come up, and

once again that long, monotonous roll

of artillery filled the air. From my window, owing to the clearness of the

day, I could see the city, with its old

square church towers and red roofs.

From time to time all this was blotted

out in a cloud of smoke and red dust

caused by the falling of bricks and tiles,

dow, I went slowly over to the bed

and gazed long and earnestly at the

athletic body, gracefully outlined un-

lay, a splendid specimen of God's hand-

iwork, helpless, finished, perhaps dy-

ing-and this was war! He was so

white and still I gently felt for the

pulse. It was jerky and intermittent.

I decided that the doctor had better

see him. I am afraid my touch, al-

though I tried to make it light, must

have disturbed him, for he opened his

eyes and looked at me, it seemed for

minutes, with a quizzical, rather wor-

ried expression. Then slowly from his

face and his eyes the drawn, set look

of pain disappeared, and he smiled up at me and said with a little of the ring

in his voice that I remembered so well,

"Why, you are the little girl from

the boat!" and then relapsed into that

dark borderland that lies between life

him. I decided that in all probability

there would be very little chance of

my having even a peep, although I had

been detailed as one of the nurses on

the case. Great was my surprise

when an orderly came to fetch me,

saving that the doctor wanted to speak

to me in General M.'s room and added

in a breathless whisper, "General

When I went in they were discussing

some phase of the case, and the doctor said: "Here is the nurse. She will be

able to tell us." The patient insisted

on having General John shown his

wound. It was a childish wish, but

then fever often plays strange tricks

with us. To humor him the doctor be-

gan loosening some of the bandages.

which to look at the celebrated gen-

eral. I saw a man of moderate height

broad of shoulders and wide of girth.

that some one had said of him that he

"My dear boy," the general replied,

"you are all right, and it is just a ques-

tion of a few weeks' care and patience

-patience," he repeated, with sincere tenderness in his voice, for the wound-

ed man had been with him during

many campaigns in Africa and Mada-

It was getting late when he left the

one of the men that Germans call 'hol-

lenweiber'" (laddles from hell). Quick

which the general laughed good humor

For the last few days I had been do

ing extra work in the German prison-

ers' ward. Some way they came to

know that I was from America, which

made them eager to chat with me-in

captain of his soul." He looked It.

pull through quickly."

gascar.

Joffre himself is there."

and death.

Turning wearily away from the win-

would be all over with him.

all," she laughed, "and tomorrow we

-he-isn't exactly a friend"-

(Continued.)

I thought, as he was talking, it must have been just the moment that French cavalry appeared on the crest of the hill and the Germans fell back, otherwise he and his beloved captain would be lying bn the battlefield in the enemy's lines or, by rare good luck, in the enemy's hospital. The boy was not hadly wounded, and the doctor decided

to let him go out with the brancardiers and search for his captain.

It was a moonlight night, and as this young subaltern, accompanied by the surgeon, went down the graveled walk through the garden I followed them. The last I saw of him was as he swung himself into a waiting motor with several of the stretcher bearers and was off toward the battlefield where they had fought so desperately only a few

I felt widlly excited. Something of that strange thrill, terrible and tragic, that had been ever present within me when I had first begun nursing and that had vanished through the curse or the blessing of getting used to things again seized me. There is something within us, and stronger than our wills, which adapts us to every change of circumstance so quickly that we sometimes resent the adaption. I had found that one cannot continue to be surprised or glad or even sorry above a certain level. War is like loud and sensational music, the effects of which thrill an audience only about three minutes. I had grown to believe that I had seen so much of the bldeous and handsome, fine face and the strong, ghastly that comes into every nurse's life at a receiving hospital that my ca- der the course linen sheet. There he pacity for great excitement had been exhausted. But out there alone under the calm bright moon, the air heavy with perfume of garden flowers, some thing of it all stirred and quickened my heart to its very depths. I forgot that my limbs ached with fatigue, forgot how ardently I had been longing for bed, and stood there wistfully gaz ing down the road, as if expecting some dear one.

I do not know how long I stood there, but I suddenly became con of a fast approaching motor. In a second it was at the gate, and I heard a voice that sounded strangely familiar. It was the/little lieutenant, supporting in his arms his captain. I remembe dimly thinking that war revived one's faith again in miracles.

"Quick, nurse!" he said to me. won't believe he is dead, although 'I'

can't find any pulse."

He was carried into the hospital and ceived a very painful and serious in- which to make their tea. diately into the outer room of the Jury, and there was great anxiety had unbuttoned his uniform and visit. There was much speculation bared his breast, that all might be among the nurses as to whether we ready for the hypodermic of ether and would be able to catch a glimpse of camphorated oil that Dr. Souchon generally gave, that, as I leaned over him, I recognized the white and finely chiseled face of Captain Frazer, the Englishman who had helped me rescue the Austrian officer that night on the Lusi-

The doctor's quick and businesslike wolce brought me abruptly back to earth.

"A serious abdominal wound with internal hemorrhage," he was saying as he made a hasty examination. "This is the kind of case," he couvinued, "about which one might say on must have a mission to fulfill, as by all the laws of nature this ought to have been dead hours

In the confusion of the moment we had all forgotten the indomitable courage of the boyish lieutenant, and it was only when we heard a thud and something fall limply to the floor that we remembered him. He had fainted. An orderly and a doctor picked him up and carried him out, while I resevere calmness was rather a pose-a mask-he had adopted. I remembered mained to help Dr. Souchon with the

"He is so nearly done for, nurse," the doctor said, "I think we had better try the new anaesthetic, scopolamine, if you feel sure of yourself in giving it."

"I won't fail you, doctor," I answered. Father had used it for nearly a kept those good, early hours that you year before his death, and I had of keep I should be much more likely to ten given it for him.

During the next hour, as the doctor performed the intricate operation with the utmost skill, I worked with no thought of weariness and with a prayer on my lips for the patient. When it was all over the doctor turned to

his assistant and said: "Sew him up. I will see him in the morning. I do not mind telling you I am pretty much all in, but I think we have made a good job of it, and I but he insisted on walking through the wouldn't be at all surprised if he pulls hospital saying a word to each of the through." Then glancing back and men there, alluding to them as "mes speaking to me as he passed through braves petits soldats." In one of the

the door he said, "You'd better look at beds there was a Scotchman. The bis plaque and see who, that chap is." general spoke to him and said, "You are "He is Captain Frazer," I said. "Captain Frazer! Of what regias a flash the Scot answered: "That's

ment?' he asked "I do not know that," I answered, a great compliment, sir. It shows that suddenly realizing how little I did they think we fight like devils," at

"Where shall we put him?" said the orderly.

"There is no place." I answered. "Well, this man must have perfect quiet and good care," the assistant surgeon, said, "or" - and he shrugged

his shoulders meaningly. fact, so eager that it was only with For several weeks two of the nurses difficulty I prevented it interfering with my work. One especially—he was, I should think, about thirty-five had been sharing my room on the third

years old-a noncommisioned officer of the landwehr who had risen to'a lieutenancy. He did not look at all like a typical German officer, nor were his mental processes that of this class. Of course his patriotism did not permit him to barbor any doubt of his country's ultimate success, but neither did he hide his desire for an early peace.

"You know," he said to us as we changed his dressings and gave him pire to reduce France to vassalage," and when the orderly said something about Alsace-Lorraine he answered that there might be some sort of an exchange arranged-France take back Alsace-Lorraine and Germany receive misunderstood," he repeated constantly, "Germany did not want war now -now or at any time-but realized when she saw France's three years'

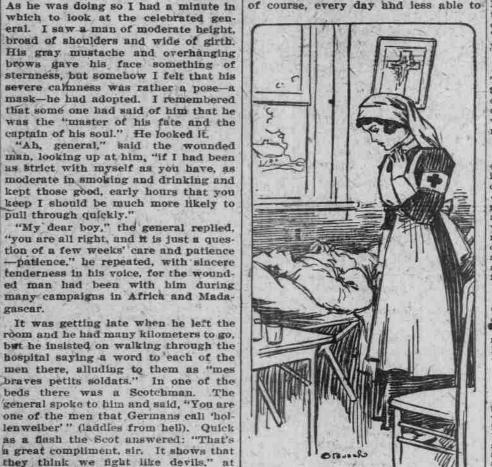
Captain Frazer's Delirium. T the first moment possible I hurried upstairs to see how Captain Frazer was getting on. For days his temperature had been running high, and he was constantly delirious. Now and then he would utter words and disconnected sentences that made no sense at all, but often he talked for hours, relating experience after experience, sometimes with a clearness and sanity that were uncanny. When I entered the room he was in the midst of such a dissertation.

"We all have our pet aversion in action, old man, haven't we?" he said. "Now, there is Cecil Loring, who hates the thing that makes the least noise. You know we all used to laugh at him as he bobbed every bullet! And, then, there was Shane Lister-he was devilishly shaken by high explosives. Just the other day Barry said to me: 'Tan, my boy, you remember that day when we were talking to the observation officer standing on a haystack and the moment after we left it a shell struck formal right of Frenchmen whoever it? That was a close call. Things like they may be and that no member of that go to my head!' And then in action when the bullets are singing and ail hell seems let loose he insists that he feels drunk-as drunk as if he had been at it all night. It may be a form of funk, he says, but it's truth. Why, I am laughing all the time at absolutely nothing, clean lifted out of myself, exhilarated. I feel as if I were treading on air, but"-and here Captain Frazer dropped his voice in a most confidential manner and looked up at me with burning eyes-"as for me, I do not mind telling you when it is all over I have that sickening dropping sensation-you know, as if you were made of lead and were sinking down. And then is when I like my tea. Who's making tea? Give me a cup-no. I mean mugful."

Sitting up suddenly he called out: "Put out that brazier, you fool; the smoke will give the range. Use a can-dle." Then he laughed, that peculiar, disagreeable laugh of the delirious, as direction taken by political movements he said, "By jove, that is an ingenious idea!" and he began talking about vaseline and jam jars. His speech became unintelligible, and it was not until long A distinguished officer, General M., had been wounded. Gossip said it was the work of a spy. However it may jars filled with lumps of ham fat and have been, this gallant soldier had re- a rifle rag as an improvised stove on

When he became unusually excited operating theater, where the strong among the staff. But all this was as I had to sit there by the hour, day or lights were switched on. For a mo- nothing when the word, went round night, and hold his hand. The warmth ment I was dazzled, half blinded by that General Joffre himself was com- of mine or something of the electricity their brilliancy, and it was only after ing to pay his wounded general a that passes from one being to another seemed to calm him until finally be Moose, has been chosen steward and would drift off to sleep. Today I sat manager of the Moose club in Main seemed to calm him until finally be beside him and, speaking in a low voice, tried to quiet him. He drifted between Mr. Dennis and the Moose off to sleep, but only for a few minutes; then he began talking about his own regiment—the Ludhiana Sikhs, with one of the finest records, both for organizer for the fraternal part of bravery and loyalty, of any of the distinguished regiments of the Indian is now employed as yard master in army. This was a dangerous subject the Bridgeport section for the New for him, as he was extremely proud Haven road. He has tendered his of his men and invariably began to resignation and will quit the railroad of his men and invariably began to of his men and invariably began to as soon as his successor is appointed fight over some of the fierce battles in Mr. Dennis was formerly in the Bull which they had been engaged. Tak- Moose party and at the last municiing his temperature and finding it very pal election was a candidate on the high, I decided to give him an extra Citizens' party ticket. alcohol sponge. An hour later, as the chill purple folds of night shut down,

This had been going on for some weeks now. He had grown weaker, of course, every day and less able to



He Had Grown Weaker Every Day and

withstand the ravages of fever. When the doctor came to see how he was he shook his head gravely and said: "Unless we can keep that fever down for the next twenty-four hours our

Less Able to Withstand the Fever.

man is done for." (To Be Continued.)

# WAR RECORD BIG **FACTOR IN BOOMS FOR JOB SEEKERS**

his treatment, "Germany does not as- Aspiring Politicians Find Visit to Front Helps Campaign Greatly.

Paris, March 22.-French politicians are already much interested in compensation in colonies. "We are so the question whether it will be necessary for candidates for public office after the re-establishment of peace to have a war record. Some members of the Chamber of Deputies who have when she saw France's three years' military service in full swing and when Russia had built her endless system of strategic railroads, with the help of French money, that Germany would be between the upper and nether mill-stones."

CHAPTER VII.

On the Chamber of Deputies who have stuck to the Palais Bourbon instead of joining the army have shown irritation at the publicity given to exploit sof their colleagues, some of whom have been killed and others like Monsieur Maginot, former assistant secretary of war, have been repeatedly cited in the orders of the day.

Cantain Frazer's Delirium.

On deputy who recently returned mended. Foster-Milburn Co., Preps.

One deputy who recently returned to Paris on leave of absence said he had found that presence at the front was far better than an electoral campaign for his political interests as welll as for the salvation of the country. "Besides," he said, "it is for the cannon to do the speaking now."

One socialist deputy, interrupting an orator who was recalling the exploits of one of their colleagues at the front, declared: "It is not his place; his place is here." This opin-ion seems to be shared by a considerable majority of the Parliament but not altogether by the public. municipal council of the city of Neuilwhose mayor, Monsieur Nortier ho was also a deputy and who enlisted at 60 years of age, carried the colors of his regiment and was killed on the battlefield, passed unanimously the

following resolution: "The municipal council of the city Neuilly-sur-Seine whose Mayor, deputy for the Department of the Seine, fell upon the field of honor, considering that the defence of the country is the first duty of a citizen, that equality before the law is the any elective body should seek to avoid it, that the representatives of the people should be the first to give the example of respect for the law and the duties of citizens, expresses the wish that all senators and deputies of military fitness be obliged to do their military duty as all other citizens." Socialists, radicals, radical socialists and other elements of the Left see in all such allusions an attack upon the Parliament, and considerable anxiety is betrayed in certain parties as to whether this spirit will grow and what effect it will have on politics when hostilities have ceased the field of battle. There have also appeared speculations as to the accounts that must inevitably be rendered after the war by parties respon sible for obstructing or neglecting the development of armaments in the face of Germany's obvious preparation. Advanced radicals appear to look to the activity in Catholic circles to renovate their anti-clerical issue and thus offset the war issue. The in France is so susceptible of unex-pected developments that speculation is vague, but not a few far-seeing men look for marked changes in the next general political campaign which in the ordinary course of events will

Dennis Named As

Steward For Moose Charles L. Dennis, dictator of the Bridgeport lodge, Loyal Order of street for five years. club was filed for record by the trustees of the club to-day. The contract stipulates that his new employment is not to interfere with his work os the Moose organization. Mr. Dennis

take place in the spring of 1915 when

the Chamber of Deputies is renewed.

FAIRFIELD COUNTY NEWS

Engine Cab Burns. Fire which started from a back draft Friday morning completely destroyed the cab of the locomotive which runs on the Ridgefield-Branchville branch. The blaze started while the engine was standing on a siding.

Want Cement Roads. At a special borough meeting held Thursday evening in New Canaan, \$13,500 was voted to pave the borough's center. The new work will be concrete and pement. The meeting voted a special borough tax of nine mills to pay for the paving work.

Drowned at Stamford. John Sabol, 29 years of age and an employe of the Stamford Manufacturing company, was drowned Wednesday afternoon while helping unload quebracho logs from a lighter. He remained afloat for at least five minutes and during this time the man with whom he had been working, and other men who went to his assistance, threw out ropes to him, but they did not, it seems, reach him. He floated out about 75 feet from the boat before he finally disappeared.

Governor Claig of South Carolina commuted to life imprisonment the feath sentence against Mrs. Ida Ball Warren and S. P. Christy for having murdered G. J. Warren, the woman's

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says: "I am very well pleased with your medicine; am recommending it very highly. It has done more for me than anything I have ever tried." 'Marshall F. W. Geraty, of 70 Manhattan St., New York, says: "I have suffered with rheumatism for many years, have tried almost every known remedy but got no relief or cure until took yours. In forty-eight hours I was entirely cured and free from all pain. I send this unsolicted."

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